

Contemplations of Tetsurou Kuroo

by vladspecula

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Summary: Just some stuffs going on in Tetsurou Kuroo's mind. Bunch of one-shots and drabbles. KuroTsuki and everyone else in between.

Contemplations of Tetsurou Kuroo

Rated K for Kei!

Disclaimer: I do not own Haikyuu-!

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><p>Every Friday night, I'd take a short nap before waking up at 1 A.M. on the dotâ€"just to catch my favorite late-night drama (the one airing at the moment happens to be a gay chick-flick much to my excitement). Kei stays up late tooâ€"not to look at the TV, but to look at his work. He rarely cut his sleeping hours though; it takes some patience and a great deal of Tetsurou Kuroo to motivate the obstinate idiot. Weirdly enough, he seemed to be missing sleep nowadays. I figured it's due to his studies and recent internship. Internship! His diligence was to blame for the five straight days of me waking up in bed next to a long cold spot.

I opened my eyes groggily and listlessly gazed over at the digital clock on the bedside table. 12:57 A.M. flashed in bright red. I shut my stinging eyes instantly and rolled over to the other side of the bed, making a mental note to get one of those glow in the dark clocks. The bed was surprisingly (or unsurprisingly) completely untouched. All of a sudden, my sense of hearing heightened and I could make out the subtle punching noises from outside the room.

That idiot's working again.

I groaned in slight irritation into the pillow, got up, and lazily propped myself on the headboard. To be honest I'm surprised that not having Kei beside me could irk me so. There's no denying that I missed messing with the lanky blond when he's asleep. Nothing sounded better than Kei Tsukishima's moans. When lucky enough, he'd even retort with one of his epic sleep talks. I never get to find out whether he did it subconsciously or not though.

Whatever. At least no one's gonna complain about me watching TV in the bedroom tonight.

Half asleep, I turned on the 55 inches TV that we bought on an installment plan and waited for the crappy advertisements about scented butt wipes and avant-garde bidets, which were probably a waste of money, to end. Somewhere into the episode, the male protagonist started to confess his undying love, Tokyo Bay in the background. That glimmering dark blue silhouette—what a way it had to entrance me.

—“So this is Tokyo Bay, huh? Not that big of a deal the TV and magazines made it,” Kei said offhandedly as he stares into the sea. I could see through that façade though. Those slight twinkle in his eyes. Pfft, always the prideful bastard. “Still, I can't believe that I'm going to move into this elite-infested city soon.” He had just gone for an interview with University of Tokyo earlier this afternoon. His entrance appeared to be affirmative. It was then I told him to move in with me. I couldn't miss those red ears—Kei never blushes. “Are you sure?” Yeah, that was one of the happiest days of my life.—

—At the end of the day, I asked if he's still going to be playing volleyball in college and he gave me one of those why-would-you-even-ask-me-that look. “Of course.”—

“Of course,” I imitated Kei out loud, stretching my limbs.

Before I realized the drama had long ended. I turned off the TV and just sat there, blinking slowly. I could clearly hear the air-con humming, cars swooping by outside, and most of all the noise of someone abusing a computer keyboard. Apparently cats hear 1.6 octaves more than human or so I've heard. My throat felt dry, I told myself to get a drink before sleeping.

I dragged myself out to the living room. I have this humble one bedroom apartment thirty minutes bike ride away from University of Tokyo. Not the best location and neighbourhood, but the rent was cheap. On the coffee table was Kei, a cigarette hung limply from his irresistible lips, all hunched over his laptop. When did he start smoking again? I thought absentmindedly.

Studying my boyfriend was one of my favorite pastimes. He seemed to be aware of it all the time though. He'd make a fuss about it last time, not anymore now. Kei was completely focused on his work—my boyfriend's committed like that. I didn't fail to notice those tired looking eyes. They were dull and heavy eye bags were hanging under them.

I sighed inwardly, grabbed an ashtray and approached him.

“Tsukki~ don't forget to ash your cigarette,” I said while scratching

my stomach in distraight.

"Oh, thanks. How many times do I have to tell you not to call me _that_? And please don't distract me with your unpleasant display."

"Huh? At least don't mind your lover's navel, _Hotaru_-chan. Anyways it's almost half past one in the morning, wrap up already!"

"Are you even listening to what I just said?" There it is, Kei's scary insincere smile appeared.

"I'm sorry," I said, yawning. My boyfriend indulges himself in riling people up and it only makes me all the more gleeful that only I could rile him up. He's especially sensitive with the way people pronounce his given name.

"_Ehh_! So your name is Kei, huh Tsukki," I read off the summer camp attendance list. I didn't miss that slightly stunned look on the blond's face. "Yeah, and stop calling me that," he said with obvious distaste. I told him Tsukki sounds better to which he responded with a flustered look._

I closed my eyes nostalgically for a moment before opening them again. How I love to see every side of him.

"Why did you have to get that internship anyway? It's not compulsory right?"

"It helps in paying our rent. Besides, I'd be able to get a job more easily this way!"

It makes me feel sad that he actually thought this way. I do play professionally now, but really only get to play a lot during the seasons.

Was that why he gave up on volleyball? When I tried to retort, Kei beat me to it.

"By the way, you're heading for bed right, Kuroo-san?" His eyes still glued on the laptop screen.

"Yeah!"

"I'm going to be using the living room, I'm sorry it'll be noisy. Sleep tight."

"Uhh! Yeah!"

I couldn't help but stare at his furrowed eyebrows and that pout he does when he's concentrating. The cigarette smoke wafted lazily through the air. This scene! Somehow it felt like he has finally grown to become an adult. Well, whatever.

"Are you not going to sleep?" This time Kei turned to glance at me. "You have an early practice tomorrow right?"

"Uhh! Right. I just came out to get a drink in the first place anyways."

I turned the sink and let the pure liquid fill the glass. I took a big gulp of the water and closed my eyes easefully, savoring the pureness of it. When I opened my eyes, Kei was already at the other side of the kitchen. I look into his eyes questioningly.

"I guess I'll take a break as well," Kei said as he started to rummage through the fridge.

He produced a plate of his favorite strawberry shortcake.

"Whoa, cake at a time like this?"

"Not like it's a bad thing," Kei droned, grabbing a fork and settled on the dining table.

I smiled. He's still a kid after all.

"C'mon give me a bite. It looks tasty when you eat it."

"Kuroo-san's mouth is huge. One bite off is a lot. So, no."

"Ehh~ just a little bite. C'mon Ke~iii," I whined. My boyfriend is the type to fall under my charms.

How many couples are having cake at a time like this, I wondered.

I could see the light of the room reflected on the freshly polished windows. There we were: A laidback guy and his serious boyfriend; both of us, glimmering faintly together in the windowpanes.

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><p>AN:** I hope my English is good enough as I'm not native. Enjoyed writing KuroTsuki maybe I should write more! Thanks for the support x.

End
file.